

The
**WAR
CRY**

EASTER 1962

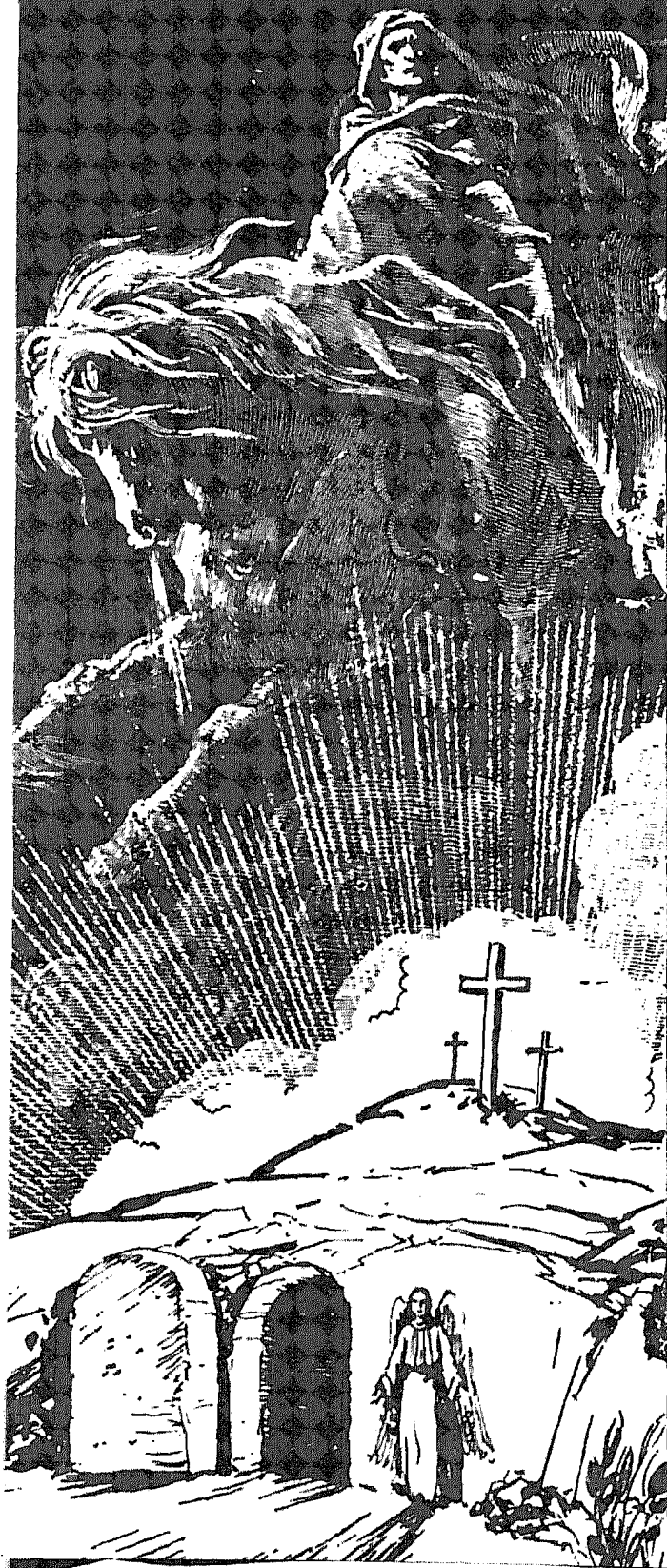


HE IS
OUR
PEACE

EPHESIANS 2:14

The RIDER at DAWN

By LON WOODRUM



► THE PALE RIDER had travelled far.

The hoofs of his ghost-grey horse thundered silently through Edrei and Ramoth-Gilead and all the battlefields of the earth.

Behind him were fallen kings and kingdoms; a thousand prophets were asleep in their tombs.

Babylon was a dusty memory.

The pharaohs were departed from the shadows of their pyramids.

The earth was riddled with graves. Mankind slept around the whole circumference of the world. Men lay where the glittering glaciers were their tombstones; they rested under tropic sands and under the palms and pines of the islands of the sea; they rocked on the coral couches in the depths of seven surging oceans.

Moses had jarred enough water from the rock to quench the thirst of three million Israelites.

Joshua had braked the sun in the heavens, and the moon over Gibeon.

Gideon had taken 300 men and defeated more soldiers than there were grasshoppers on Mount Ephraim.

Samson had torn up the gates of Gaza and had stacked them on a foothill of Hebron.

Daniel had faced the lions until they had lost their hunger. The Hebrew children had walked through the furnace unscorched by the slaughterous flames.

► Yet all these giants had at last fallen before the flash of the pale sword.

The rider had come far, and his victories were beyond number.

But in a Judean dawn he reined in his grey steed and looked at a gallows on a hill.

He stared at the cross where a Man had hung, and the cross was bone-naked in the dawn light.

And Death, with a puzzled frown, rode on until he drew up before a rocky cavern.

The grave gate had been dragged away, and the tomb was like an open mouth uttering a silent shout of victory.

And Death turned in the saddle and glanced back again at the empty cross. And the morning light touched it, turning it to gold.

Death looked once more at the empty tomb, and he shuddered.

Then he heard the sound of keys rattling somewhere in the sky, and a voice came down upon him out of another world, saying,

"I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

And Death rode on, his body sagging, his head bowed.

And his grey horse was limping as he went forward in the fierce, spreading dawn.

A "Street-Girl" named Mary

MARY had reached rock bottom so far as morals were concerned. She was an immoral woman and everyone in town knew it. It wasn't simply selling the body, it involved the soul as well. Most people despised her, even those who paid her money, ironically enough.

Nothing mattered very much now. Every ounce of her self-respect had gone. Life was simply a meaningless animal existence.

One day something tremendous happened. She met the most truly attractive man she had ever seen. For the first time a man looked upon her without despising her, or lusting after her. He was different from any other man she had ever seen—she couldn't say why he was.

He seemed to understand her. His look contained compassion. It made her want to be better, kindling in her heart a gleam of hope. Here was someone who was not censorious or condemning. Moreover, she felt a power within that made her hate wrong and love right.

It wasn't what he said, for indeed he said very little. It was what he was that brought about in her the great transformation and a sense of sins forgiven.

For the first time in her life, she began really to love. Instinctively she knew that this man not only had love in his heart, but forgiveness as well. No longer did she want to sin, for

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she felt that somehow it would hurt him. Life now had meaning; she had become a new creature.

The love that welled up in her heart was no ordinary love. It sprang from the knowledge that she had been forgiven so much. The man whom she had met seemed to personify all that was good and noble in life. He was as she expected God would be.

Not very long after meeting him she saw him die on a cruel cross and she heard him say, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." She now realized fully it was for her, and indeed for all men that he was dying. His death revealed sin in its stark ugliness, but also his forgiveness in all its majesty.



The name Mary can stand for any one of us, for all have sinned and are in need of a Saviour. There are no respectable sins, whether they be of the flesh or of the spirit.

The man in the story cannot be anyone other than the sinless Christ, for He alone can forgive sin and implant within us that new desire and power to become changed people.

The story just told actually happened. You can read about it in Luke 7: 36-50. The story has been repeated many times since it took place; what is more, it can be repeated in you.

The War Cry, London

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THE LIVING CHRIST

OH Christian, Christian have you lost
The living Christ of Pentecost?
No wonder you are tempest-tossed
Upon life's sea!
You must needs have the Holy Ghost
Continually.

Oh traveller, on Emmaus Road,
Why are you bearing such a load?
Do you not know the Christ of God
Has come to stay,
And walk beside you as you plod
Life's homeward way?

Fools, and slow of heart to see
That Christ has come to DWELL with thee,
So that for ever He may be

Your life and breath;
And give you constant victory
O'er sin and death.

Christ in the heart is nearer thee
Than any outward Christ could be;
An absent Saviour, don't you see?
Is NEVER here;
Christ in the heart perpetually
Is EVER near.

So, if the Spirit you have lost,
Recover Him at any cost;
The living Christ of Pentecost
Who came to STAY
That you may have the Holy Ghost
ETERNALLY.—James Gray, Toronto.



The Easter Song in Africa



BY
CAPTAIN
ETHEL
CARMODY

HERE is a glimpse of the institute at Chikankata, Northern Rhodesia. There are hills around us—although they are sometimes very brown in the dry season—the sky seems very high and blue above us as we work and play—and we enjoy our singing.

Many people have heard of our hospital and leprosy settlement, but it seems that less is known of the work which is done at the institute. This consists of a boarding school for boys and girls, a two-year teacher-training course, a two-year domestic science course for girls and a three-year trades course (carpentry and building) for boys.

The young people come from the village schools at nine to ten years of age and stay for at least four years. There is a standard 6 examination, set by the Department for African Education, which must be passed before any further education can be taken.

At present there are not sufficient schools for the vast number of African children who wish to be educated, so there is great competition for the number of places available. It is sad to have to send away many would-be students on the opening day of each school year, knowing that for them formal education has finished and they will return to sit in their villages, but that is the position in Africa at present. When all the students are assembled together there are nearly 400, so, together with the African members of the staff and their wives and children, we have a large family.

After four years in the boarding school, some students remain for a further two or three years. Some take the trades course, which equips them to work with a carpenter or builder and earn a reasonably good wage, others take the teacher-training course; this qualifies them to teach in village schools, up to standard 2. During the past few years the

domestic science teacher-training course has been opened at Chikankata. We have some delightful girls learning cookery, housewifery, needlework, mothercraft, and other subjects which will enable them to go forth and teach their own people better ways of living.

When I first arrived at Chikankata in January, 1956, the musical accompaniment for meetings consisted of two piano-accordions and a

NO NEED FOR TEARS

WHY come ye tearful to the garden
Upon this Easter morn?

Know ye not that tears are needless,
And that mourning clothes are useless?
For Christ, the Lord, is gone!

Behold, the tomb wherein they laid Him,
The stone is rolled away.
Look within and see the angel,
Hear his words, the glad evangel,
That Christ is risen today.

Rejoice, praise God, for great His triumph,
The message tell to all,
Blessed hope we all may treasure,
Christ's we are, now and forever,
For He is Lord of all!

—Cadet Alan H. Neelon, Toronto

guitar. Great was our joy when the Principal returned from one of his excursions to Salisbury, 300 miles away, with a piano—most of the money for its purchase had been donated by Canadian Salvationists. The hospital possessed a small portable organ which we borrowed on special occasions but the arrival of a piano of our own caused great excitement.

Wherever you go in Africa, of course, you will hear singing and the

rolling of drums—intricate rhythms continuing far into the night. The Africans sing in four-part harmony very naturally: it is not western harmony—they do not sing the accidentals—so one has to be very careful when choosing English songs for them to sing—but there is something about the singing that grips the European.

What of music-making at Chikankata? Most of the African songs sung in our part of Rhodesia are passed on from generation to generation. They have not yet been written down, so in the school singing lesson the younger children are taught by the African members of the staff. The older students, however, are taught a number of the English folk-songs and from the school you might hear the strains of such songs.

For the last few years the drama club has presented a play at Easter and Christmas and on each occasion a choir has participated. We always had good basses from the teacher-training department, but tenors, as everywhere, have sometimes been a problem. This year, however, with the teacher-training students transferring to Livingstone, and secondary school work commencing at Chikankata, there will be more difficulty with basses, too, as the age of the students will drop.

At Easter the choir sings such songs as "Thou didst leave Thy throne", "Were you there?" and the usual hymns. The girls love songs which have a distinctive part for the altos, like "On Calvary's brow my Saviour died". But the Easter song which no one could forget is "U la
(Continued on page 16)

A Pagan's Bold Assertion

A MAN has often to carry out his master's wishes even though he does not agree with them. I do not mean that he must commit sins for his master. Many a Christian has had that battle to fight and has refused to lie or to cheat for the man for whom he works. But when merely a difference of opinion separates them, it is another story. The truly loyal man carries out his duties and instructions without comment, even when he has already expressed his disagreement with his master.

Such was the position of the centurion at the crucifixion of Jesus. To be on duty on such an occasion was probably not new to him and his men, and in the past he may not have questioned that judgment was fair and punishment must be meted out. So, once again, he had been assigned a job, and he and his men would see to it faithfully.

But we can well imagine that very soon he is ill at ease—the strange darkness in the middle of the afternoon; the earth tremors; the dreadful sights as some of the graves vomited their ghastly contents as if the earth could no longer tolerate the rotting bones. Ill at ease—nay he and his soldiers are filled with forebodings and fear—was it then he looks up at the central figure hanging on the dreadful Cross?

He sees a face—serene, sublime, yet showing unutterable suffering. All at once he notices this is more than man holding death at bay: here is man bearing the chastisement of a world of sin.

In a mighty instant of revelation he cries out, "Truly, this was the Son of God!"

What a strange statement for a heathen to make! In all the legends about the gods he knew, the sons won their battles gloriously, and eventually overcame all their difficulties. This central Figure looked anything but an overcomer, hanging there, stripped, and in agony,

By
The
Territorial
Commander,
Commissioner
W. Wycliffe
Booth



with the extra suffering of a thorn-crowned brow and its attendant blood-drops. What perception came! What blinding light brought it?

You could imagine the centurion rubbing his eyes and questioning himself as the night wore on. His soldiers had to see to the disposal of the bodies, and were probably relieved when a wealthy man offered his tomb for Jesus. The centurion and his men presumably watched the body being interred, and heaved a sigh of relief when Joseph, of Arimathea, rolled the stone back over the entrance and sealed it. No one who did not know the secret of the stone's movement would touch it, and even then, they must first break the seal. The soldiers would still be on duty, but in such a situation their watch would be an easy one. Even if the women they saw remained there, they knew they could not move such a stone.

So the hours passed. The watch made its normal changes, and the centurion must have been tempted to feel that he had dreamed that he had seen the Son of God.

But this was not the end. I imagine the guard was changing over when the discovery was made. The

tomb was opened and on the stone was seated an angel. Have you ever wondered why this should be? Jesus, the miracle-worker, could have gone through the stone and left the seal unbroken. But had He done so, His enemies would have declared to this day that His body was still there. The tomb had to be opened by supernatural hands so that the world could see that the resurrected Christ was truly its late occupant.

I have a feeling that this was the moment when the centurion went home. The narrative in the Gospels distinctly says that *some* of the sentries went into the city with the story and were bribed by the High Priest to admit that they had slept. Surely the centurion, with his new vision, would not be among them!

Some day we may know the end of the story of the centurion whose darkness was lightened by a vision of the Son of God; how his life was changed; how that scarred Face dominated all his actions; how his mind was filled with the music of his praises to the true God, whose Son was slain for sinners, for this "unfinished symphony" must still be resounding somewhere in the courts of Heaven.

Faith on a Cross

"IF YOU are the Son of God, why don't you prove it? Get down from the cross and take us with you!"

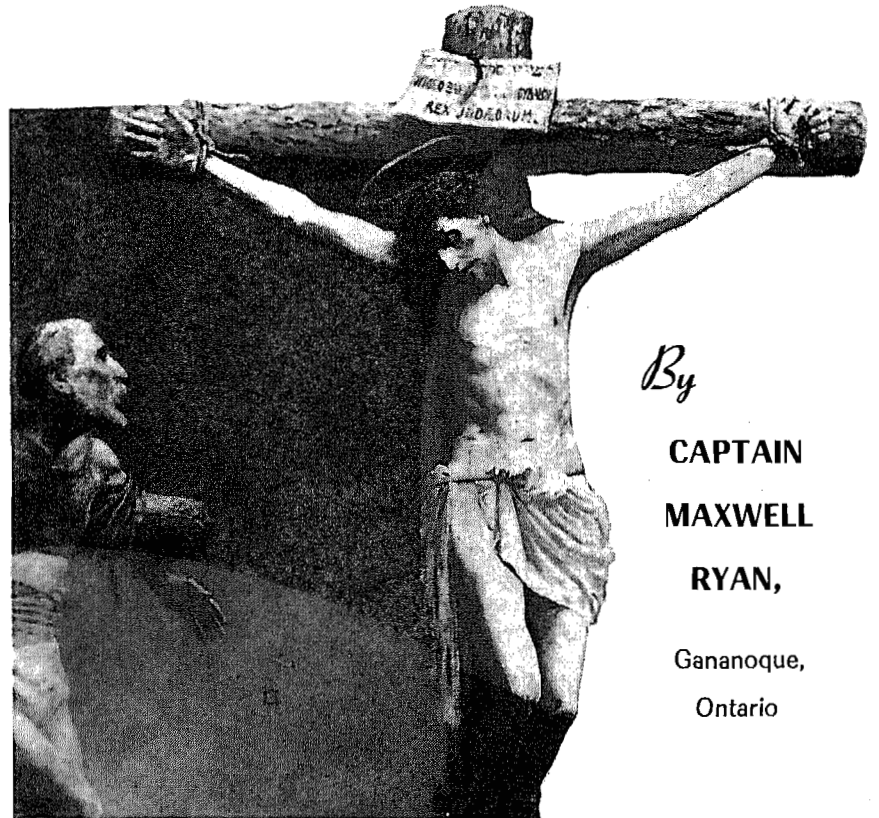
The bitter words, concealing hope, spilled violently from the twisted lips of the criminal, who was hanging by spikes from a wooden erection. There was death in the air; one could feel it! Three men were draining out their last earthly moments, suspended between heaven and earth, on rough bulks of wood. And One was the Son of God. He had come to seek and to save those who were lost, but now He was slowly dying. He had come to heal the broken hearts, but now His heart was being broken.

The violent outburst was swiftly rebuked by the thief's partner in crime, who hung on a cross standing at the other side of the Saviour. This man, known to us as the penitent thief, was desperate. He knew life was ebbing swiftly away and it would only be a short time until he would be taken down from the cross—a corpse. Even as life grew weaker his faith and concentrated hope grew stronger, until it exploded in the plea, "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy Kingdom!"

No idle plea here! The criminal realized what some of us never realize—Jesus Christ is Lord of a spiritual Kingdom. It would have been the height of foolish thinking for the thief to imagine that Jesus could now give him an earthly reward. The time for material thinking was over; the values of the present evil world were now significant. The criminal wanted an anchor for his soul; he wanted assurance of life eternal.

Christ wasted no time in answering His companion's plea. Did He say; "Don't ask me! Your priests down there in front of the crosses, shouting for my death, have the answer. Ask them to remember you!"

No! He replied in words which still give hope to the vilest sinner: "Verily, I say unto thee, today shalt



By

**CAPTAIN
MAXWELL
RYAN,**

Gananoque,
Ontario

thou be with me in paradise."

This doomed thief did not understand the theology of Jesus' words, but his hungry faith grasped their meaning, and he believed implicitly. Faith always takes the promise unquestionably; it is left to those who do not live on the bare extremities of life to wonder *why* faith has seized the promise.

We need not be concerned as to where paradise is or what paradise is; the lesson is this, a person who was dying in sin and without God was saved, in the nick of time, by Jesus in His hour of victory. To be sure victory was a strange cry for Jesus to raise at this time; from all outward appearances the victory lay securely in the hands of His enemies.

The weight of Jesus' body was dragging on the nails; the crowd was mocking. He knew the intended humiliation in placing Him to die between two robbers. His victory? That in the presence of this extremity of human wickedness and cruelty He found the opportunity of working the wondrous work of God. He revealed Himself as the Saviour, mighty to save.

The Son of God had sounded the depths of evil, and, knowing it, He pitied its victims with a great com-

passion. He got as near as He could to them in their sin and misery; then He died to save them from it. Here is the glorious triumph: while enemies were sure they were killing Him, the Kingdom of God was being built in the soul of one who was sin-sick and dying.

Jesus knew many would have followed had He come down from the cross in a blaze of glory, ready to vindicate His cause. The whole country would have flocked to His banner. But to what avail? God dazzles no one into the Kingdom. Faulty indeed is a faith that is based on the material benefits received.

An urgent question; an expression of deep need; a reassuring yet demanding answer. That is how the Kingdom of God enters the hearts of men and women. The dying thief was a "deep-dyed sinner"; yet, in his final moments on earth he passed by all the ritual and dogma of organized religion and found peace with God through repentance and naked faith. It is the same today.

The atonement of Jesus Christ—does it mean anything to you? Please remember the words of the children's hymn:

He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

An all-year Lenten Season

BUSINESS men, women's leaders, radio and TV personalities and others responded to a newspaper editor's invitation to tell frankly what Lent and Easter mean to them. It is encouraging to realize, as one reads the frank confessions and genuine expressions of religious feeling what a strong belief in God and the Bible there is, even in these godless times, among a definite cross-section of contemporary life.

Most of the writers say how they prize the opportunity that Lent affords them of taking their eyes off self and centering them on Christ and His cross. They value the chance of making sacrifices in order to align themselves with the Man of Sorrows as He wends His way along the Via Dolorosa of those last climactic weeks before the tremendous events of the first Easter-tide.

But is there not the danger that the observing of Lent causes some rather superficial souls to imagine that once Lent is over, there can be some justification for a grand relaxation of emotional strain and feeling, and a return to the self-centred life of before?

To the writer, Lent means all those things—a keen awareness of the Triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, the poignant scenes of the Last Supper, the amazing humility symbolized by the washing of the disciples' feet, the agony of the betrayal, the incredible anguish of His prayer in the Garden of Gethsemane, the trials before Caiaphas and Pilate, the scourging, the mocking, the heartless rejection of Christ in favour of Barabbas, the actual crucifixion, and the splendor of the resurrection. But THEY MEAN AS MUCH TO ME IN JULY OR DECEMBER as they do in March and April.

Christianity is not for me four weeks of penance, sober reflection, self-abnegation, mortification of the flesh—then a huge breath of relief while the discomfort of the self-

denial and irksomeness of continued prayer is sloughed off like a winter coat. I enjoy prayer and all the rest of it; and can indulge in it any time of the year. Perhaps that is why William Booth did not enjoin the observation of Lent on his followers. He wanted them to realize that the term, "I would Thy sufferings know" was a 365-day privilege and duty—not a brief spell, then a putting off of the unaccustomed

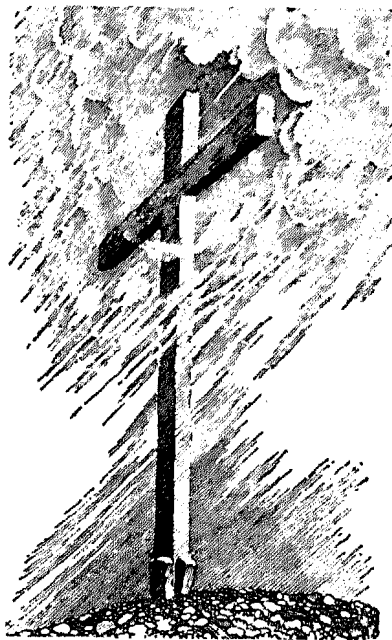
By

Kent Mapleton

hair-shirt, and a flinging oneself back into the pleasures of the world.

Jesus said to Nicodemus, "Ye must be born again." Paul said, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things have passed away . . . all things have become new". To the true Christian the life of godliness is as natural as breathing. He does not have to ask himself: "Now, how should I behave in this situation as a Christian? What will these people expect of me as a Christian?" He cannot help himself. His heart is changed; the things of the world, the lusts of the flesh no longer master him.

He is living on a much higher plane; he revels in doing God's precious will. It is no thrill for him to lay aside his Sunday clothes and plunge into the business of the workaday world with a sigh of relief. He is just as much a Christian when he is selling sugar and spice, or policies, or gasoline as when he is singing in the choir. He would no more think of taking unfair advantage of his customers than hold up a bank; he could no more cheat than jump over the moon, and he is able to look himself in the mirror at the close of the day with a grin of happiness; he has been as good a Christian at work as he is at play or at worship.



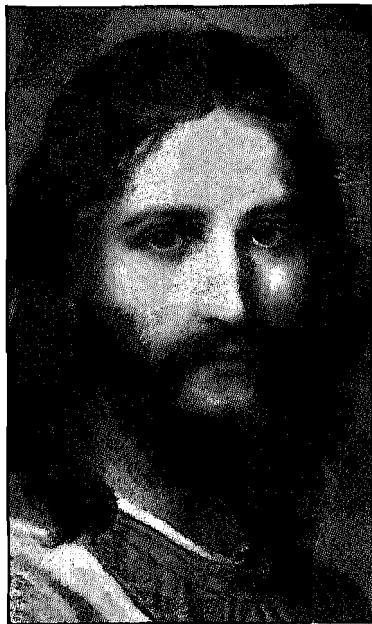
William Booth taught that Jesus was not merely an example to be emulated; HE WAS A SAVIOUR TO WORK MIRACLES ON THE HUMAN HEART. William Booth had seen so many miracles in his converts that he had ample proof that being a Christian meant just that—a new birth; a new personality; a new man.

SO LENT MEANS TO ME AN INTENSIFICATION OF MY DEVOTION TO THE SAVIOUR WHO BORE SO MUCH FOR ME. But it merely gives me added impetus to go on doing the things He wants me to do all the rest of the year.

WHILE ANGELS HOLD!

WHILE angels hold the winds of human strife,
That neither earth nor sea may feel their range,
Until the Gospel reaches each whose name
Might else be blotted from salvation's page,
What will you do with Jesus, called the Christ,
Whose blood alone can cleanse your soul from sin?
Will you continue to reject His grace
Until 'twill be too late to enter in?

The night of human doom comes swiftly on—
Dread night of failing hearts and bated breath—
And battle's fury bring forth naught but death!
When paleness shall be seen on every face,
Oh, give to Christ your will, your heart, your soul,
While God in mercy holds the open door;
Then when that door shall close you'll be with Him,
The Prince of Peace, your King, for evermore!—Harrison Palmer, Minneapolis.



Jesus Would Weep Today

THE significance of Palm Sunday has never been more crucially important to the world than this year's observance of it. In a world facing crisis—a crisis that includes a war of ideologies, backed by force of arms and lethal bombs—surely there is an inescapable meaning for us all in Palm Sunday, 1962. In Matthew's account of the life of Jesus we read of His riding into Jerusalem on the back of a donkey. Let us examine the story again in the light of our modern scene.

On that day, nearly 2,000 years ago, we have come to know that Jesus rode into Jerusalem to make positively clear that He was against fanatical nationalism or armed revolt—not merely for His own times, but for ours as well. Characteristically, but deliberately, and with premeditation, Jesus manifested meekness. Armed with the assurance of divine might, had He cared to use it, Jesus rode into Jerusalem not on a war horse at the head of an army, but on a donkey, symbol of quietness, meekness, and servitude, escorted by people waving palm branches—not spears, listening to the songs of children—not shouts of soldiers. And He made it just as clear, even to His own people, that He was not a warlike Messiah, He was no new David or Jehu to lead them in a war to overthrow their oppressors by force of arms.

Jesus was not committed to an earthly Messiahship, but rather a spiritual one that would strike at

the cause of war in their own hearts and homes, and in the world, yet the mob was soon crying "Crucify Him!—crucify Him!" in place of "Hosanna!" He had taught them "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you", but they simply did not understand Him. In the light of our own times, do we think we would have treated Jesus any differently? Would our modern cities and nations accept Him—any more readily than did the citizens of Jerusalem of those long years ago?

There are some hopeful signs that we have studied His principles with care, and His example with rever-

by

Brigadier Alfred Simester,

Edmonton, Alta.

ence, but the manifestation of these principles is all too often shockingly absent. It is not good enough to use the old cliché "Christianity has not failed the world—we professors of Christianity have failed its Christ." People generally are not listening to that one any more . . . they think we do not mean it, and millions could not care less. Lip service, and a homage of words and motions to Christ is so distinctly outweighing the sincere now, that it has become difficult to separate the Christian from the pagan. The Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man, as exemplified in Jesus Christ, are yet much more a fond, anxious, wistful hope than a reality in a world that terribly and urgently needs both that Fatherhood and Brotherhood. I am afraid the lines of the hymn,

"Ride on, ride on in majesty!

In lowly pomp, ride on to die!" are still tragically meaningful in our

world. There is improvement, but the Golden Rule is still far from widespread in our chaotic world.

Mankind simply does not comprehend, and will not understand, that "loving our neighbour as ourselves" is utterly dependent, first of all, on loving and serving God "with all our hearts, and minds, and might". And then "our neighbours as ourselves." Jesus wept over Jerusalem. Would He not find selfishness, wickedness, and woe to weep over in our cities today? As we go on failing really to understand either Him or His message does not every passing day bring more and more evidence to light that Jesus was right in His assessment of the evil in each individual human heart? He said: "That which cometh out of the man, that defileth Him, for from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride foolishness . . . All those things come from within the man, and defile Him." Not a very pleasant category, but recognizable as true by all of us. In one man bad enough . . . but spreading over a world of men, disastrous and foreboding.

Does not the passing parade of our world show us so plainly that "other foundation can no man lay" (for lasting security, economic welfare, and peace in the heart, home, and in the world) than that which is laid in Jesus Christ?

There was a time when it smacked of silly sentimentalism to ask "What would Jesus do?" as Sheldon asked it in that thoughtful book of his. Clemenceau of France, after the Versailles Peace Conference of 1919, said sneeringly of Woodrow Wilson, "He spoke like Jesus Christ". In the broad issues facing us, the Atlantic Charter, the Declaration of Independence, Magna Carta are

(Continued on page 16)

The Christian's Hope of Eternal Life

By REV. JOHN SUTHERLAND BONNELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Bonnell is the distinguished minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York City. He began his service there in 1935, after a notable ministry in Winnipeg, Man.

ON THE last day of the year 1889, Robert Browning was buried in Westminster Abbey. The famous cathedral was crowded to the doors with sorrowing people. Although the funeral service of the Church of England was dignified and impressive, one worshipper, Burne-Jones, the renowned artist, became increasingly restive and impatient. He was waiting for a note of triumph to be sounded. Afterward he said that he kept longing for someone to appear in the chancel and wave a brave banner, or for one of the choristers to mount the triforium and blow a resounding blast on a trumpet. The note of the trumpet—challenging, arresting, defiant, triumphant, was what he wanted to hear.

And why not? For who among the British poets looked upon death with a more fearless gaze than Robert Browning?

Right at this point is one of the major weaknesses in our Christian witness today. Far too many Christians are afraid of death. They are terrorized and victimized by it. They lay hold upon every possible synonym to avoid mentioning the word "death". They meet bereavement, not in the triumphant spirit of the Easter faith, but rather as though Jesus had never lived, as though He had never died and risen again. Why have we crowded our cemeteries with broken columns, quenched torches, shattered vases, sealed urns, and weeping willows? These things are not the symbols of a living, victorious faith. They represent a pagan acceptance of the finality of death.

In the latter half of the 19th

century, when archeologists began excavating Italian cemeteries at Volterra, Italy, and at the site of ancient Roman towns near Perugia, on many tombstones they found the Latin inscription which read: "Non fui fui, non sum, sum, non curo"—"I was not; I was, I am not; I do not care".

Think of one generation after another burying its dead—husbands and wives, mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters, and little children—in this mood of utter disillusionment and cynicism.

This is a creed of the spiritually weary, the disbelieving, the sordidly cynical.

This, too was the mood of much of the ancient world into which Christ came. It was a world without hope. Night had descended—a long, silent night relieved only by the trampling feet of those who stumbled in the dark. Into that world came Jesus Christ with a divine revelation that was destined to illuminate the whole earth. It was a literal fulfillment of Zacharias' remarkable prophecy: "The dayspring from on high hath visited us, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death."

When Jesus preached to the multitudes in Galilee or addressed His disciples privately, He spoke as familiarly of the life of the world to come as He might have spoken of neighbouring Judaea. On the night of the betrayal, with the shadow of the Cross darkening every horizon about the disciples, our Lord gave them a farewell message. He said, "Let not your heart be troubled . . . neither let it be afraid."

While He was going to be parted from them for a while, death, He said, was just like passing from one home to another. "I will make ready for you," he continued, "and when



"CHRIST THE LORD, IS RISEN TODAY, HALLELUJAH!"

your place is prepared, I will come and receive you unto myself."

Death means just a change of residence from the cramped quarters of earth to the Father's spacious home on high.

Paul was not present when Jesus uttered these words, but He accepted them gratefully. When the shadows began to gather around his own life, he wrote to his friends in the Corinthian church: "If this earthly tent of mine is taken down, I shall receive a home from God, made by no human hands, eternal in the heavens."

James Barrie, the brilliant and tender Scottish author, tells us that he seldom took up his mother's Bible but that it opened of its own accord at the 14th chapter of John. That has been true of many another saint. That chapter has inspired and comforted souls in every generation of Christian history, and brought light to those who were nearing the valley of the shadow of death.

The shock of the arrest, trial and crucifixion of Jesus was all the greater for His disciples because they had not understood the full import of these words of the Master. They found it impossible to conceive that their mighty Friend could be overtaken by disaster and brutal death, that the forces of evil could win what seemed to be a final victory over Him.

Oftentimes I have tried to picture in imagination the mood of the disciples on the first Easter morning. The key to understanding it, (Continued on page 17)

The Lonely

IT is not easy to appreciate the loneliness of Christ. The Gospels are so full of crowds, multitudes listening, following and surrounding Him. On one occasion the great crowd on the seashore forced Him to speak from a borrowed boat. On another a woman who sought to touch His seamless robe had to press through the throng. Yet again, four men who wanted their palsied friend to come under His healing touch had to climb over the roof and lower their companion through it because the crowd was so impenetrable.

So often Jesus is the centre of a great crowd in the Gospels, and yet in spite of all we glimpse a great and intense loneliness. His delight in the sons of men made Him choose twelve that they might be with Him, but was there one amongst His friends who really understood Him? His relatives thought Him mad. In His hour of greatest need the nearest to Him deserted Him. He was often in a home—and yet alone; often in the synagogue—yet alone.

Making what has been spoken of as His triumphal entry into Jerusalem He was surrounded by people who shouted and waved palms—but, oh, how dreadfully alone He must have been, for He knew to what high hour that noisy procession was leading. The most lonely

man in a kingdom is the king—and Jesus was King.

When that small band of followers accompanies Him from the upper room, through the narrow winding streets, who dare deny that in their hearts there is a degree of desire to be with Him? Soon He is expressing His own desire for supporting friendship as, in the garden, He bids His nearest friends "watch and pray", and though He is but a stone's throw from them they make His own consciousness of loneliness all the more real by letting Him find them asleep. In a few moments it is not waving palms but waving swords that will escort Him to the city, to stand before the High Priest's Court without friends, without witnesses, helpless—and alone!

Frightening Isolation

Before Pilate, before Herod, in the cells where rough soldiers indulge their cruel form of humour, He has no friend to share His suffering or speak a word of comfort. And when at last He comes to Calvary and the Cross is uplifted with His extended form upon it, there is intensified, by His position above the crowd, His sense of frightening isolation.

Jesus knew loneliness to the full.

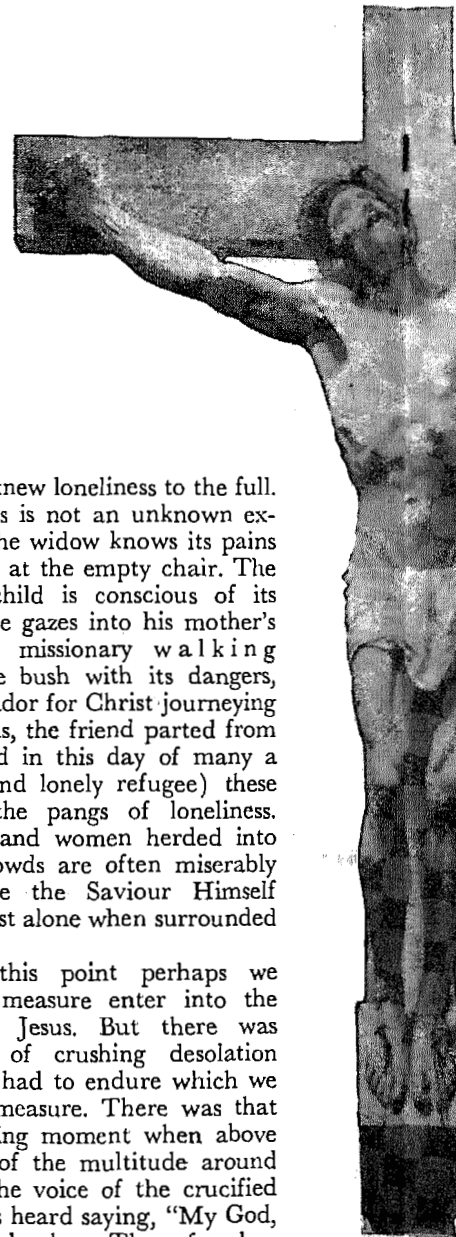
Loneliness is not an unknown experience. The widow knows its pains as she looks at the empty chair. The orphaned child is conscious of its sorrow as he gazes into his mother's grave. The missionary walking through the bush with its dangers, the ambassador for Christ journeying over the seas, the friend parted from friend, (and in this day of many a sorrowful and lonely refugee) these all know the pangs of loneliness. Even men and women herded into the city crowds are often miserably lonely. Like the Saviour Himself they are most alone when surrounded by others.

Up to this point perhaps we may in a measure enter into the feelings of Jesus. But there was one point of crushing desolation that Christ had to endure which we can never measure. There was that soul-shattering moment when above the shouts of the multitude around the Cross the voice of the crucified Saviour was heard saying, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

A Different Position

He had been able to say as He walked the streets of Galilee, "Ye shall leave Me alone, yet I am not alone, because the Father is with Me." But now the finite mind finds this cry of desolation hard to understand. Our greatest gain, however, is when we study the cry in the light of Paul's words, "For He hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin!"

When we contemplate the thought of one man bearing the sins of the world we pass beyond the limits of our understanding. It was a cry of desolation wrung from the soul of the Sinless One as in that dark mo-





JESUS COULD BEAR THE LONELINESS THAT CAME TO HIM EVEN IN THE MIDST OF CROWDS: HE COULD ENDURE THE ISOLATION THAT IS OFTEN THE PENALTY OF LEADERSHIP, BUT, AS THE WRITER POINTS OUT, HE FOUND THE TERRIFYING LONELINESS OF BEING FORSAKEN BY HIS FATHER ON THE CROSS THE KEENEST ANGUISH OF ALL.

Christ

ment He is painfully conscious of His identification with sinners.

Even the wisest and the most honest must lay down their pens and pause, for great reverence is needed before any dare try to unravel the mystery of His loneliness now. The cry is surely beyond our comprehension. He had been rejected by men in His sinless ministry on earth. Now He feels rejected by His Father because of His being made sin for us. He feels His Father's countenance is turned away from Him and He must taste death for every man alone.

He Took Our Place

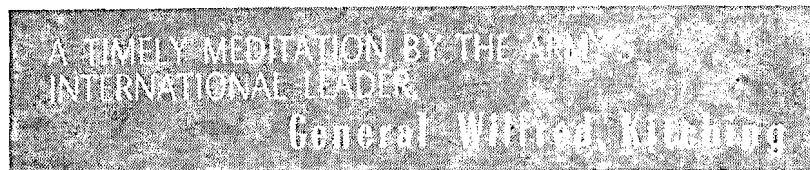
So He hung on the cross in our place, He entered into all the dire consequences our sin had created, He took our sin upon Himself. In perfect sinlessness He was prepared to die a sinner's death and face the awful isolation involved in the reaction of God in His holiness to man in his depravity. He did not deserve to die; it was our due; in spite of the loneliness involved He chose to make it His. He bore "our sins in His own body on the tree". He made atonement between our righteous Father and us His rebellious children. Is that not something wonderful? Nothing is more true than when we sing Charles Wesley's:

**He died to atone
For sins not His own;**
and you and I must bow our heads

and yield Him our hearts in the light of such a stupendous truth.

In the sense of human relationships we may have to go on living many a day conscious of an experience of loneliness. In a spiritual

sense—and it is the spiritual values that are eternal—we need never be alone, for has not the lonely Christ said in a word that belongs to all time: "Lo, I am with you alway—even unto the end of the world"?



It was alone

IT was alone the Saviour prayed,
In dark Gethsemane,
Alone He drained the bitter
cup,
And suffered there for me.

It was alone, the Saviour stood,
In Pilate's judgment hall
Alone the crown of thorns He wore
Forsaken thus by all.

Chorus:
Alone, alone, He bore it all alone,
He gave Himself to save His own,
He suffered, bled and died alone,
alone.

Alone upon the cross He hung,
That others He might save
Forsaken thus by God and man,
Alone, His life He gave.

Can you reject such matchless love,
Can you His claim disown?
Come, give your all in gratitude,
Nor leave Him thus alone.



Easter — Here and Now

THE Sunday school teacher had just finished what she thought was a lovely Bible lesson, when one of her little learners asked, "Teacher, why don't you tell us a story about the 'here-and-now'?"

Does not the little one but voice the heart yearning of many today? What has the Bible to say to us in the "here-and-now"? Is it really relevant to present day needs and situations? When Christianity itself is challenged, discounted and threatened can Easter have particular pertinence? Most assuredly it can. One of the marvels and wonders of it all is, without doubt, just that fact. Far beyond man's capacity to understand or appreciate aright the magnitude of God's prescient love is the thought that the plan is timeless.

Weary of the insatiable scramble for position, place and power prevalent today, is there any relief? Heartsick with the deceiving devotion of friends, who desert in time of need—or even worse, betray even their closest colleague if advancement is at stake—is anyone to be trusted?

In truth, such queries, if continued, could mount up to quite a series for, facing up to stern reality, it must be acknowledged that there are many burdened hearts and questioning minds. Where is there true solace or comfort of confidence and hope? Let us look to the Book.

The Apostle Paul not only had a mental reach beyond the average capacity, but his whole spiritual life was more intense than that of the ordinary Christian. He showed a great spiritual ambition and felt the pull of the unseen. In his treasured writings to the Philippians (3:10)

we find a gem. It is a spontaneous expression of his soul's yearning, which could well be our prayer, too, this Eastertime. When studied in quiet meditation it could become the means of a revival of our spiritual ambition and renewal of the consciousness of our unseen spiritual resources.

This is how he expressed his longing: "That I may know . . . the power of His resurrection."

Paul did not question the fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. He himself had had a revelation of the Lord which had altered the whole tenor of his life. He had also con-

To penetrate more fully into this, to grasp it in its significance, was the ambition of this apostle as he groped his way among the divine mysteries. Like some bright star the fact was always shining. It was unalterable and unsettling. His passion was to know the power of the fact.

By His resurrection, Christ's claim to be the Son of God was attested. It was proof of the all-sufficiency of His satisfaction to God Almighty; an evidence of almighty power; a blessed pledge of our final victory over death, and our entrance to the life eternal.

So we may truly speak of the resurrection of Jesus Christ as the fundamental miracle of Christianity. It is the sublime faith of Christendom.

The dark hours following the crucifixion, when Jesus lay buried in Joseph's tomb, must have been to the disciples hours of the keenest anguish. They must have felt that all their hopes for the future had been futile; their cherished dreams about the Messiah and His Kingdom had not been realized; their anticipated dreams of a new career had come to a swift end. They now saw only failure, if not disaster. One cannot but feel for these sad and disappointed men. Then came the glorious resurrection of their beloved Lord and Master. The glad, stupendous announcement passed from mouth to mouth, "He is risen!" Doubt gradually vanished. Faith revived, joy returned, and a new interest in life commenced.

The first great power of the resurrection and its primary influence upon thought and life was its power to scatter the agonizing doubts that filled the breasts of those who trusted Him. He gave "beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." What a transformation! No mention now of first place or precedence or pride of position.

(Continued on page 13)

by

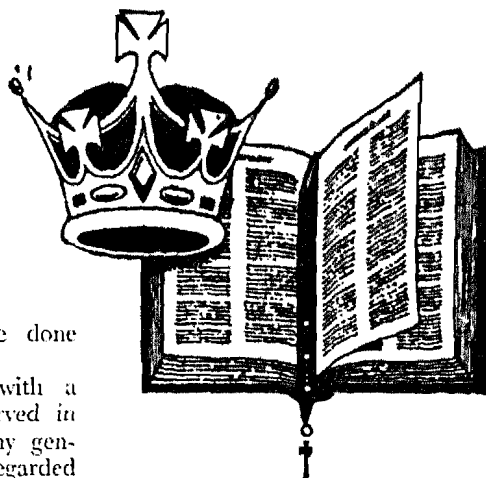
Mrs. Brigadier Lucretia Batten,
Toronto

versed with the disciples, who had seen the Lord in days following that resurrection morning. Paul had preached with growing conviction this great fact of the Christian faith in the cities of Europe and Asia Minor, as well as in Jerusalem itself, where it had occurred. It was the great theme of his letters to the churches, particularly the letters he wrote to the Corinthians and to the Thessalonians.

Yet the fact of the resurrection of Jesus did not satisfy Paul's longing. He wanted to know also the POWER OF THE RESURRECTION.

The power of a fact is to be distinguished from the fact itself. The power is the influence the fact exercises in its various relationships to life. Thus "the power of the resurrection" does not refer to the power of God which raised Christ from the dead, but the increasing pressure upon life of the stupendous fact that Christ is risen.

An Ancient Paschal Custom



NOWADAYS our Easter customs seem to consist merely of the exchange of chocolate eggs, and the eating of hot-cross buns. There are still, of course, numbers of interesting celebrations which survive in country places, but the more picturesque customs have somehow died out in the onrush of twentieth century invention and commerce.

A ceremony was performed by the kings of England which must have been an interesting affair. It was their custom on Good Friday to bless, with much pomp and ceremony, rings for the prevention of the "falling sickness." The mass of folk devoutly believed that the possession of one of these rings would effectually keep them immune, though it is fairly certain that a more liberal use of water, and cleaner

general habits, would have done quite as well.

The custom originated with a ring which had been preserved in Westminster Abbey for many generations, and which was regarded with especial veneration on account of its reputed association with King Edward I. Whether the king actually received it, as was stated, from Jerusalem, it is impossible to say, but it is nevertheless perfectly true that he privately bestowed it upon a poor man who begged alms of him out of "love for St. John, the Evangelist."

The rings consecrated by kings were known as cramp rings, and a special order of divine service was provided for their consecration. In his *Breviary of Health*, published in 1557, Andrew Boorde says: "The Kynge's Majestie hath a great helpe

in this matter in hallowing crampe ryngs, and so geven without money or petitions," and an English ambassador to the Court of the Emperor Charles V wrote to "my Lord Cardinall's grace," in 1518 for "some crampe ryngs," with "trust to bestowe thaym well, with God's grace."

Evidently the popular belief in their properties must have been justified (more than likely by a corresponding faith in God to prevent the dread sickness), but it seems hard in the light of today to imagine a King of England solemnly blessing rings for the cure of ills.

Stripped of all vain delusions of grandeur, they came to see in right focus the true values of life.

The intense longing of the human soul for one who knows, who understands, who loves, is a very real thing, more or less in the experience of all. The power of the resurrection is that it answers that steady yearning of the heart in a way nothing else can do. It gives assurance and poise in times of stress and strain, of trial and sorrow, serving as a shield against false claims and teachings of evil cults which prey upon those who are troubled and in doubt. It gives us a Friend who is alive; "closer is He than breathing and nearer than hands and feet." That is why the hymns of the resurrection have always struck the note of gladness and hope.

By the resurrection we are reminded of victory, not defeat; of success, not failure. In fellowship with the risen Christ, Paul triumphed. When he was weak, then he was made strong. His one passion was to know

Easter — Here And Now

(Continued from page 12)

more fully the resources of that living Friend—the power of the Lord's resurrection.

Never absent from the apostle's thought was the spiritual power of the resurrection in its steady, upward pull upon the life.

The late Dr. G. H. Morrison, of Glasgow, wrote: "When one is climbing in our Scottish highlands there are often bits perilous to negotiate. In such bits it is a mighty succour when someone above holds down a helping hand." And the thought that Christ was gripping him, reaching down to him and steadying him, turned the Apostle Paul into a daring climber on the steep slopes that lead to God. Christ was above him, risen! He was stooping

down to lift the climber up. Paul felt the urge of the true mountaineer who lives in seeking "the things which are above." There was the splendid certainty that before him and above him there was Jesus Christ—risen, ascended, glorified.

That was Paul's dominant thought when he wrote of the power of Christ's resurrection, and expressed his ambition, "that I might know the power of His resurrection."

To know Him was to know One who was the living embodiment of the practical precepts and lofty ideals He preached. To know the power of His resurrection was to be motivated by the same divine dynamic and be possessed of the same consecrated compulsion.

Is that our holy desire, our keen and foremost spiritual ambition? Are we concentrating all our mental energies on attaining this end? Are we making this attainment our supreme endeavour? Is it not the Easter quest of all believing minds and trusting hearts?



By

IVAN
SHEROFFSKI,

Kenora, Ontario

The Centurion

THE crowd had dispersed, and only a few stragglers remained on the hillside, slowly making their way towards the walls of the city. Jerusalem was bathed in the fading light of a burning sun. Not all day had the sun been so bright; for a period it had been covered with a dark pall, an unusual sight in a land where the sun shone so powerfully. The phenomenon had affected the mob, for, while it lasted, the shouts and the jeers had been less violent. Now nearly everyone had gone home, and the officer was left almost alone with the three figures on the crosses.

Accustomed as he was to such sights he turned his back on them and returned to his barracks. A good goblet of wine, a rest and a night's sleep, and he would be all right.

An Uneasy Rest

Still, he was disturbed. It had been an eventful day. So many things out of the usual had happened. Even the earth under his feet had shaken violently. Someone had brought word that the veil of the temple had split, and that graves had opened.

But there had been humour to it too. "King of the Jews" indeed! Who did he think he was? How far could a man's madness go? "King of the Jews!" Well, he had crowned him! With his own hands he had pressed the crown on that bowed head—a crown of plaited thorns. How the mob had laughed as he forced it on. Oh, the blood had run; but this was a day for blood. This talk of his kingdom, an empty babbling on a wooden cross.

If only he could clear his mind of thoughts that rushed through it. If only today were done and a new day started. Surely there would never be another day like this.

Well, he had played his part; he had added the necessary bit of

humour to a rather tragic day. The cheers of the mob still rang in his ears. They had been with him. They had witnessed his act. Those who remembered this day would remember him—the man who had "crowned" the "victor."

How long can hate burn in a man's soul? Since early morning, when he had joined the strange procession wending its way up Golgotha hillside he had carried this hate, a deep desire to give hurt to this strange figure. But his duty as a Roman soldier demanded that he behave with proper decorum. He had at least to make a pretence of keeping the milling mob away from the figures with the crosses on their backs.

Mob Violence Recalled

It had been an empty gesture, for more than one had landed a telling blow on him or on his two companions. When he had staggered and had fallen willing hands soon had him back on his feet. When he fell for the last time, and his cross had been given to a passing Cyrenean, he (the centurion) had been the one to prod the prisoner on his way.

Pilate may have found no fault in him. But Pilate did the right thing when he washed his hands and handed the prisoner over to the mob. They could deal with such a person. A king, forsooth! Aye, with a wooden cross for a throne and a blood-stained piece of ground for a kingdom! If only he had been able to get one good blow on him. He'd make him a king! But a soldier had to remember that discipline meant much in the Roman army.

Even yet the hate had not left him. He had turned his head away when he had offered him the vinegar and gall to drink. If only he had been able to reach him properly he would have made him take it, made him drink deeply of its bitter contents.

He sat at the table thinking. His wine stood at his elbow, untouched. Too many things had happened this day to make it a day to remember. Darkness had brought no solution to his thoughts. He had been sitting

there since coming home from the crucifixion. The crowd had applauded his acts . . . but now a doubt lay on his mind. What if he really were the King of the Jews? Surely, on sober thought, he had behaved like a king. Never a word had he uttered as his tormentors scoffed at him, and he was scourged.

He looked for a moment at the spear beside him on the table. The point was still stained. He himself had thrust it into the heart of that still figure. Blood and water had issued. Things he had seen this day had strangely stirred him. The earth had trembled; the sun had been blotted out. The silent figure on the cross had been in his mind all evening.

Peace At Last

He hurled the spear to the far end of the room. He brushed away the vessel of wine. Quickly he covered his eyes with his hands. All of the day's events passed in review before him. All of them faded but the figure on the cross. He himself had been part of the evil that had put Him there. His mind settled on the central figure and, slowly, his troubled spirit seemed to be leavened by the Spirit of Christ. His mental anguish passed and a quiet peace settled over him. Fear left his heart—for now he knew for certain that Christ was indeed the King of the Jews. A wordless prayer for forgiveness surged from his heart, and he knew that he was pardoned.

CHRIST IS RISEN

TUNE: "Praise my soul," Tune Book No. 646

HARK, the glorious tidings rising,
Christ is risen from the grave;
He who died on Calvary's mountain,
Gave His life the world to save;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Now He ever lives to save.

Crown the risen Saviour, crown Him,
Highest honours to Him bring;
He has conquered death forever,
Heav'n and earth His praises sing;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Let the bells of victory ring.

Hasten now to take the message
Spread the news in every land;
Christ arose to live forever,
On this truth His Church shall stand;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Now He reigns at God's right hand.

Alice Gillard

Jesus arose and Lives in Human Hearts

By LT.-COLONEL HAL BECKETT (R), Toronto

THE original words of the well-known Salvation Army chorus, often sung at Easter, were:

It was on the cross He shed His blood,
It was there He was crucified;
But He rose again, and He lives with His
saints,
Where all is peace and perfect love.

After all, "with His saints" was a bit ambiguous. Our early-day pioneers were too busy dealing with earthly problems amongst the hordes of penitents of all classes who joined their ranks to be anticipating Heaven. They wanted an experience of the abiding Christ in their work-day lives. If it did mean "the saints" down here, then surely the adapted version of the chorus—"He rose again and He lives in my heart," clarified the thought and made it personal.

It brings to each one the pointed

question, "Does Christ live in your heart?" It is a question which demands an answer. The Bible is full of suggestions as to its possibility, and Christ Himself gave assurance again and again that the experience could come to the human heart. He said to the Samaritan woman at the well-side: "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life."

Indwelt by Christ

Paul writing to the Ephesians (3:17) said: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." We have ample Scriptural proof that the dwelling of Christ in us by His spirit does this for our hearts. Here is one verse: "The Spirit of truth . . . dwelleth with you and shall be in you." (John 14:17).



Surely, truth is alien to the unregenerate human, so the dwelling of truth within is evidence of our renewal and purifying.

"If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He . . . shall also quicken your mortal bodies, by His Spirit which dwelleth in you (Rom. 8:11). Here again is evidence of His dwelling in our mortal bodies. Then Paul urges Timothy (2 Tim. 1:14) "That good thing which was committed unto thee, keep by the Holy Spirit which dwelleth in us."

The one in whose heart and life the risen Saviour reigns can be sure of divine guidance and instruction in the most minute details of his life.

The Burden-bearer

His presence also makes us kind. However kindly our natures may be, we cannot really touch the infirmities of those around us who suffer. An old Christian was giving out the hymn: "Bring to Jesus thy burden of grief," and commented, "If you tell your sorrows to your neighbours then it reminds them of their own, and they tell you theirs, so you part company still bearing your own sorrow and the burden of your neighbour's. If you bring them to Jesus, He has no sorrows but yours, and He lightens the burden for you."

Do you know Him? Have you got this consolation? Does He live in your heart? He can! He wants to! That is why He rose again! When this becomes your experience you can sing:

"Lo, a new creation dawning!
Lo, I rise to life divine;
In my soul an Easter morning
I am Christ's and Christ is mine."

An Ancient Hymn

"THE Day of Resurrection" is an old, old hymn, whose authorship is attributed to John of Damascus, of the eighth century. It was translated into English in 1862 by John M. Neale, and may be sung to either of two tunes, "Lancashire" or "Rotterdam."

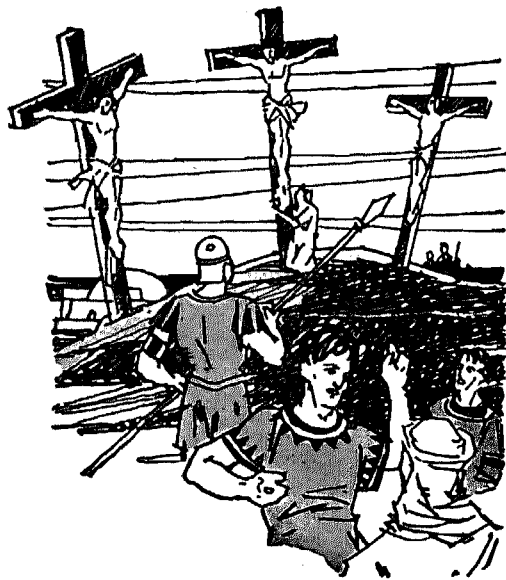
In this great hymn the author describes the resurrection of Jesus from the dead as the "passover of gladness," and such, indeed, has it truly become in the life of the Church. People who attend services at no other time of the year seem to be moved at Easter-time to be among the throngs who affirm their faith in God and in His living, triumphant Son, the Christ. It helps us to grow in devotional fellowship with the saints of all the ages as we sing the words of this great hymn.

The day of resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own, "All Hail!" and, hearing,
May raise the victor-strain,

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend;
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

—John of Damascus



And sitting down they watched him there (Matt. 27:36).

PEOPLE have always watched the followers of Christ. That is one way of learning of Him, because a teacher is known by his products. But this crowd was watching Jesus. They had gathered at Jerusalem from the far corners of the Roman Empire for the Jewish Passover. During the past three and more years they had heard of Christ; some had met Him. Naturally they were desirous of learning if He really was the Son of God, and the long-promised Messiah, as He claimed to be. "They watched him there."

As He hung there on the cross they could see His actions, sense His attitude, and watch His expression. They could hear the few words He spoke. They noticed His complete submission; His lack of anger would be noticeable, too. There was no malice, nor any expressions of revenge. Rather, His, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do," must have convinced them that Jesus was divine as well as human.

But there were some there that day who passed by the cross. They had seen Peter deny his Master in the night hours. They had noticed Judas hiking over towards the cliff, rope in hand, and heard his story, greatly elaborated. "He was in it just for the money," might have been their comment. They would hear of James and John wanting the best jobs in the expected new government. They passed by the cross, because they judged the Christ by His

Watchers around the Cross

followers, and those followers had disappointed them.

But the disciples had not yet had their Pentecostal experience. Their hearts had not been cleansed from carnality. They had not been filled with the Spirit, who gives power to give a clear,

honest testimony to full salvation. Struggling against carnality within, their actions were not always such as would attract anyone to Christ. Those who passed by the cross were not giving Jesus a fair trial. Their judgment was premature and superficial and was given before they had an honest understanding of Christ and His purpose.

But a few sensible people were

By

LOUIS McCURDY,

Kelowna, B.C.

at the cross that day who used good judgment. They saw some good qualities in both Christ and His followers. Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus publicly took their places on the side of Christ that day. The centurion cried out, "Truly this was the Son of God." The thief on the right-hand cross looked over at the features of the suffering Jesus. There he saw love expressed, where he had expected to see hatred. He heard His compassionate prayer for forgiveness, when there could have been a pronouncement of judgment. The thief chose Christ on His own merits and turned to Him.

God must have been working in the hearts of men that day at the Crucifixion. Even though Judas turned away from Him, and Peter denied Him, something deep in the hearts of some challenged them to live a Christian life. The

sincere people who looked on the scene that day watched Him, and believed. God worked anyway. Men failed, and disappointed the watchers; but God didn't fail!

John's faithfulness in following Jesus all the way must have impressed those who were sincere. His loyalty as he gave Christ's mother a home for the rest of her life must have touched their hearts. That may have been a real sacrifice for John, for houses may have been as much of a problem then as they are now. Sacrifices seem always to make such an indelible impression.

We are in danger if we watch our fellow Christians. They may make mistakes; they might be a disappointment to us. The younger saints are more liable to make mistakes because of immature judgment, so if we must watch them, let's do it from our knees instead of from our seats. We'll find less to criticize from that position. It is folly to lose our faith by watching others' failures. It is better to watch Christ; He will not disappoint us.

Self-Appraisal Needed

Let us watch ourselves, and watch our spirit. If others have done what we think is wrong, let's remember the Lord's Prayer, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Have we forgiven them, or do we still continue to treat them with suspicion? Their actions have probably hindered the work of the church; but it is possible that their actions have revealed to them their spiritual lack. Maybe they have learned something, and sought forgiveness from God. Let's forgive them, too. And let's have faith in God, regardless of the little that others have. "Have faith in God," is a definite command, and we cannot afford to disregard it. Others fail; but God doesn't. He works anyway, so let's develop some faith and do something to make the Church progressive, for "without faith it is impossible to please Him" (Heb. 11:6).

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THE EASTER, as we took time to measure on the shores of the Caribbea, the tall and the lovely, were our guests. Le maitre of the thought that Jeanne could have all the good and pleasant things of the world, and he would not let her go. He had said that we might be tempted to make us of her in the night, and he would not let her go.

